

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Thursday, August 24, 1911.

Let's have no make-shifts in street paving. Improve them right, and do it now.

President Taft scored congress, but congress did most of the real scoring.

The newspaper paragraphers seem united that the granddaughter must be named Theodore.

A Chicago woman of 26 already has had five husbands. It is not only in aviation that Chicago breaks records.

Labrador is to have a new governor next year. Of course if Mr. Deane is really anxious to run again—but what's the use?

"Governor Deane leaped from auto and saved life of colored boy." Truly the press agent is working overtime, these days.

The statesmen have left Washington and will now be busy for a time on the chautauqua platform and patching up political fences.

In Chicago the egg trust is accused of storing up eggs of doubtful quality for future sale. If this be true, the egg trust should be given a dose of its own medicine.

President Taft's veto of the cotton bill, wool bill, and free list bill causes the Kansas City Times to remark that the president realizes that the administration might as well be shot all to pieces as the way it is.

Down in Texas, cowboys are singing the cattle to sleep instead of watching them all night. Possibly some old bovine favorite like "The cows are in the clover, they have trampled there since morn."

Senator Root favors the arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France but wants them amended. He also favors Canadian reciprocity, but wanted the reciprocity agreement amended. There are other ways of defeating such measures than opposing them outright.

Praising President Taft for vetoing the wool bill, the president of the American Woolen company says: "Schedule K represents the outcome of deep study of many of the greatest statesmen of America." Apparently schedule K is the only known rival of the British constitution in respect to growth and development, and nobody is ever quite sure what either of them means.

La Follette a Real Candidate Now. "Taft and sure defeat, or La Follette and a chance to win." This cry has been taken up anew by the genuine republican insurgents since La Follette cooperated with the democrats in an honest endeavor to revise the tariff downward from the Aldrich-Payne rates.

The indications are that if Mr. Taft obtains the renomination the La Follette and Roosevelt hosts will hardly raise a finger, much less their voices, to help him.

Democratic Prospects Bright.

"Prospects for the election of a democratic president have never been brighter," declared Hon. James T. Lloyd of Missouri, chairman of the national democratic congressional committee, who was in charge of the campaign which resulted in the present heavy democratic majority in the house. "The democratic party is popular from one end of the country to the other," continued Mr. Lloyd, "because the present house has carried out pre-election promises and made a creditable showing in every way."

The many investigations conducted by the democratic committees have shown to the satisfaction of every intelligent man in the country that the republicans are guilty of maladministration and should be relieved of power, for a term or two at least."

Illinois Will Be Democratic.

There is sentiment up and down the state that Illinois will be voted into the democratic column at the next state and national elections.

Republican newspapers write to the contrary, of course, but those republican press agents do not mean what they say, because they have absolutely nothing with which to support their claims.

Republicans throughout the state who give honest expression to their views unhesitatingly admit that conditions never seemed so certainly indicate that Illinois will go democratic as they do today.

There are reasons for this—the conditions are obvious.

What sort of a republican legislature

has the republican party of Illinois maintained?

Has it not been a travesty—a mere political wrestling mat for republican factions, which hate one another with most venomous bitterness?

What of the republican delegation which Illinois has been maintaining in congress?

Not one of them voted for the wool and other tariff schedules which were intended to modify the present infamous Aldrich-Payne republican tariff law.

What of the kind of United States senators the republican party of Illinois is maintaining in Washington?

Do Illinois republican office seekers think they are entitled to popular support because Lorimer is one of the senators misrepresenting this state in Washington during a series of investigations of his election, the infamy of which has shocked the nation?

Or—Will republican office seekers in Illinois claim that they are entitled to popular support because they loaded down the taxpayers of this state with a \$29,000,000 legislature?

Paul Revere's Bell.

One of Longfellow's beautiful poems is "The Bells of Lynn." Of these bells, whose sounds floated across the water to Nahant, the bell of the First Methodist Episcopal church had the first cheerful peal and the most interesting history, writes Anna Breed in Zion's Herald. It was cast by the worthy old patriot, Paul Revere, in 1816, and hung in the steeple of the old church.

Later, when the present edifice was completed, in 1879, it was removed to the tower, so that for 95 years it has rung for church services and public celebrations. It has called the people to the preaching services of 45 different pastors and has welcomed 11 sessions of the New England conference. When President Monroe visited Lynn, in 1817, the old bell welcomed his coming, and rang on the visits of Presidents Johnson and Polk and the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth. On the surrender of General Lee and the fall of Richmond it rang for 12 hours, six men relieving the other in pulling the rope; and on the days of President Lincoln's funeral it tolled from morning until evening. It has celebrated Independence day and Washington's birthday by ringing at morning, noon and sunset.

The day John Brown was hung, Dec. 2, 1859, the bell tolled from 12 until 1 o'clock. For the past three years, on the day of the city election, it has rung at morning and noon to call out the people to vote for no license, and at a late evening hour has joyfully announced the welcome news that the city was saved from the evils of the saloon. While the church bells were ringing at 9 o'clock one evening recently the good people of the Methodist Episcopal church were startled by their bell's having a terrible discord. The bell had been cracked and now is silent.

It may, perhaps, be recast, but if so it will never again be the bell cast by Paul Revere.

OVERWHELMINGLY IN FAVOR OF INDEPENDENCE OF PHILIPPINES

(Continued from Page One.)

Philippine people shall elect delegates to a convention which shall draft a constitution for the Philippine republic, and after the constitution shall have been adopted by the Philippine people, they shall proceed to elect the officials of the Philippine republic.

"When said officials have been duly elected and duly qualified, the sovereignty of the United States over the Philippines shall be turned over to the Philippines themselves, and the independence of the Philippine republic shall be recognized. This is the way

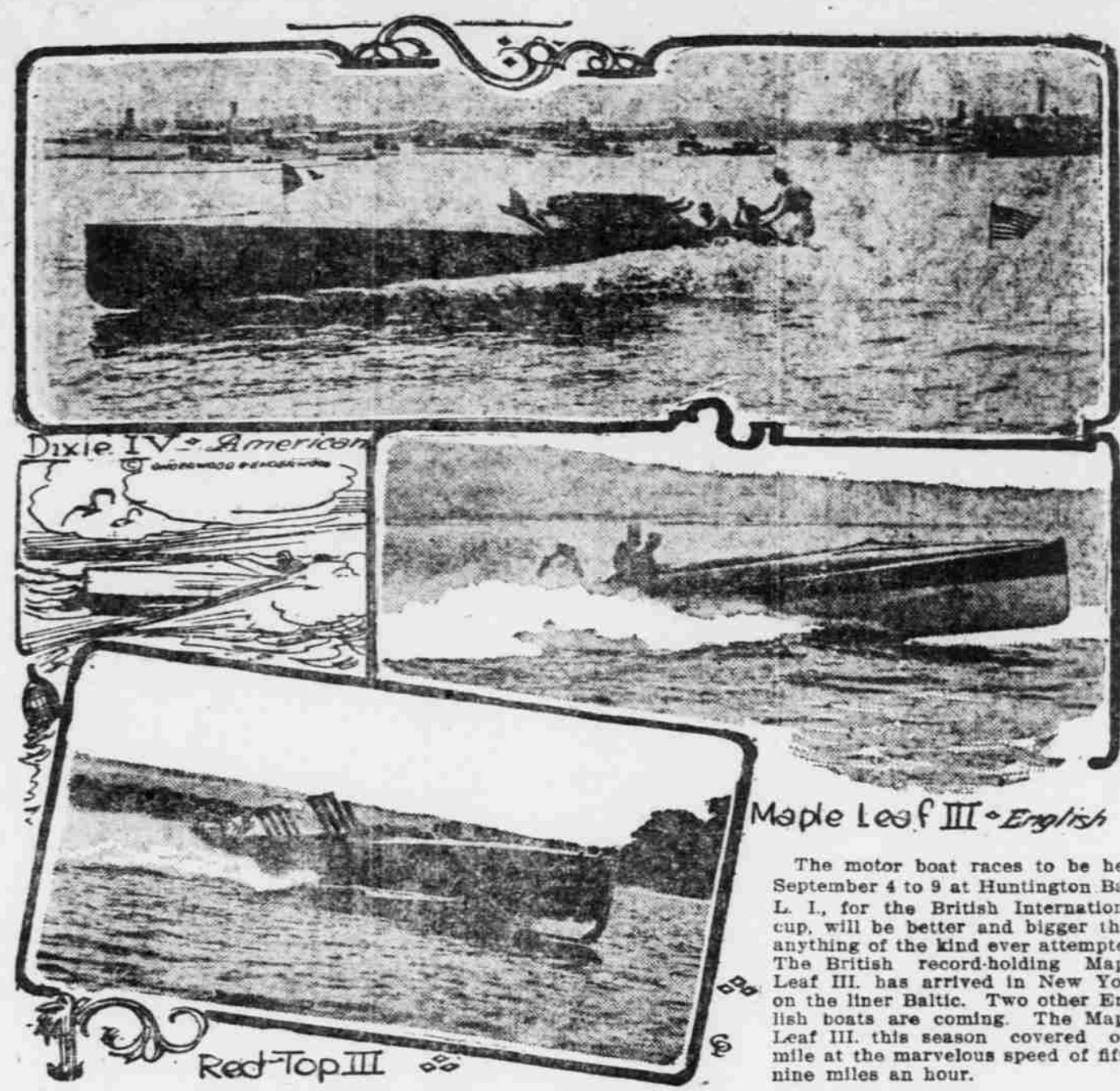
THORN FOR YEARS IN SIDE OF WILEY



G. F. McCabe.

Solicitor Charles P. McCabe, of the Department of Agriculture, in his efforts to discredit Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, has exposed to public view the fact that he has been virtually head of the department and has been running it for several years.

MILE-A-MINUTE BOATS GATHER FOR INTERNATIONAL TROPHY SPEED CONTESTS ON HUNTINGTON, BAY, L. I. COURSE NEXT MONTH



Maple Leaf III - English

The motor boat races to be held September 4 to 9 at Huntington Bay, L. I., for the British International cup, will be better and bigger than anything of the kind ever attempted. The British record-holding Maple Leaf III, has arrived in New York on the liner Baltic. Two other English boats are coming. The Maple Leaf III, this season covered one mile at the marvelous speed of fifty-nine miles an hour.

which will best suit the Filipino people.

"The other way is the gradual transfer of the government to the Filipinos. This can be carried out by legislation which shall provide:

"First, that it is the purpose of the United States to give to the Filipinos independence within eight years. (A lesser period would be more acceptable to the Filipino people.)

"Second, that after the passage of the act, the Filipinos shall elect the upper house of the Philippine legislature, thereby placing immediately the whole legislative power in their hands.

"Third, two years after the Filipino people have been conducting their legislative work, there shall be held a convention to frame a constitution for the Philippine republic, and after its adoption by the people, the power of all American secretaries shall cease and they shall be succeeded by Filipino secretaries, duly elected by the people.

"Fourth, after the lapse of another two years, the Filipinos shall have the right to elect the president of the Philippine republic.

"Fifth, two years thereafter, the full and absolute independence of the Philippine republic shall be granted. BY INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT.

"Both of the aforesaid schemes should include the neutralization of the Philippine republic by an international agreement. Either of these propositions is the only solution of the Philippine problem that will do justice to the Filipino people and honor to the United States. The world knows that the Filipinos helped the American troops to defeat the Spaniards in the Philippines, because they were led to believe and did believe that the United States would not hold the Philippine archipelago in subjection, but would free and help the Filipinos to establish an independent government."

MISS CLEVELAND TO WED

Daughter of Late President to Marry Professor's Son.

Tamworth, N. H., Aug. 24.—It was learned at the home of Mrs. Grover Cleveland that the ex-president's eldest daughter, Esther, is soon to marry Randolph D. West of New York, son of Professor Andrew West of Princeton university. He has been attentive to her here at Tamworth. Miss Cleveland is about 20 years old. She is an ardent tennis player. It was learned from a member of the household that the wedding will take place about Oct. 15. Although Mr. West has been in New Hampshire this summer, local people know little about him.

Centenarian Dies After Fall.

Sycamore, Aug. 24.—Charles Hunt, 100 years old, died at the home of his son in DeKalb today. His death was caused by a fall several weeks ago, in which he suffered a broken leg.

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The Argus Daily Short Story

The Airship—By Clarissa Mackie.

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Celia O'Brien sat stiffly in the patent rocker, and on the other side of the room the hard sofa upheld the bulky form of Dennis Flint. Between them, on a marble topped stand, rested the small working model of an airship.

Miss O'Brien broke the strained silence with a hysterical laugh.

"And so you've spent all the money on that—that?" She pointed a trembling finger at the airship.

"Every blanked cent!" growled Dennis sullenly.

"Even the furniture money—the money for the green parlor set—when we was to be married next month?" she insisted tearfully.

"Not a copper left—not enough to buy a sheeting," admitted Dennis, staring helplessly at his feet.

"And all for that—that thing what couldn't do a thing for anybody?"

"I'm glad I didn't let go my job at the store," said Celia pointedly.

"Then you won't wait for me any longer?" asked Dennis, turning away, his kind face quite white with pain and anger.

"I don't see any use," returned his sweetheart stonily; "by the time you've saved money enough to get married on I'll be so old and gray there won't anybody look at me. If you'd only stuck to your job and been a good machinist instead of a poor forlorn inventor we could have been married next month and had a parlor with the green parlor set."

"To the divvy with the green parlor set. Sure and you oughter married a furniture man," spluttered Dennis wrathfully. "Yure head's full of furniture."

"And that's more than your own is, Dennis Flint," interpolated a grim

voice and Celia had so often strolled on summer evenings and before which, lately, they had paused more often to discuss the merits of the furniture displayed therein.

There had been one momentous occasion when they had entered the store and looked at parlor suits and both had fallen in love with one of mahogany, upholstered in deep green plush. Dennis had gone so far as to make a deposit of \$10 on the furniture, and the balance was to be paid within a week or so.

Several weeks had passed and the young man had become engrossed in his invention; dollar after dollar had been withdrawn from the bank until the evening before he had faced a balanced bank account and gone straight to Celia and confessed without a misgiving as to her attitude.

In the visions of Dennis Flint there were huge factories, belching forth smoke from the furnaces that supplied the power that manufactured the new ships. He could see men streaming home from work with dinner pails; he could see rows of neat cottages, where contented wives and happy children worked and played; he could see Celia, his wife, living in an abundance such as she had never dreamed of in her position as saleslady in the big department store.

And all these visions vanished before the reality that a green plush parlor suit meant more to Celia and her mother than all the airship and air castles in the world. If these things would make Celia happy then it was his place to see that she had them, provided she would reconsider her decision not to marry him.

So Dennis walked into the furniture store and sought out the black eyed man who had waited on him before and who could discourse for long hours on the beauty of green parlor suits and never once repeat his phrases or contradict himself.

"Ah!" said the man, looking at him suspiciously.

"Yes," said Dennis. "I paid \$10 on account of a green plush parlor suit a few weeks back."

The man looked blankly at him, then called to another man, who rang for a boy and sent him on an errand.

When the boy came back the black eyed man telephoned somebody, and at last he came back to Dennis with a scrap of paper in his hand.

"Sold to Dennis Flint one parlor set, green plush, mahogany finish. Price \$45; paid on account \$10; balance due \$35." He paused breathlessly.

"That's all true," said Dennis, awed by this display of business detail. "Now, don't make no mistake about that set. I'll come in and pay for the rest of it." He moved away.

"The lady has just been in, and she says it won't be needed." The man stared at him impudently.

Dennis paled and his lips set firmly. "You'll save it as I told you—understand? If the lady don't want it, I do."

"Very well," said the man hastily and made a memorandum on the paper.

As Dennis walked out through one of the revolving doors in the front of the store Celia O'Brien hastened inward from the street. They were separated only by a few feet of space, but each one was so absorbed in his misery that they passed as strangers might.

All at once a thought came to Dennis, and he hastened back to his room in the boarding house and took the model airship under his arm. There was one expert whom he had just remembered, a man of small capital, but large brain. Dennis would as a last resort approach this person with the model ship.

He had exhausted the patience of the various experts he had approached during the past few months. There had been lacking one essential point about his invention that denied its practicability; now he had supplied that one thing and he was sure the ship would be a success. He was not a dreamer—he was a practical man. This was the one thing he had invented, and perhaps it would be the last.

Dr. Long received the young Irishman with a slight impatience which changed to keen interest as he examined the model. For several hours they worked over the little airship, and at the end of that time the older man pushed back his glasses and looked at Dennis.

"Your ship will be a success, I believe. I am going to France tomorrow. Come with me, and we will work together for your success. You will be a rich man, a famous man, Mr. Flint."

"For how long shall we be gone?" demanded Dennis grimly.

"A couple of years. But it will be worth the time spent. At the end of that time you will be a rich man, and I will not be poor," smiled the doctor benignly.

Dennis stared out of the window into the busy street. He had dreamed of riches for Celia and himself, never for himself alone. What could he do with money if not spend it on her?

"How much will you give me for it as it stands?" he asked bluntly.

"I can't afford to give you what it is worth, Flint," returned the doctor frankly. "I am not rich; inventors never are. Better decide to come with me and make your money out of it gradually."

"I want it now," returned Dennis grimly. He paused and mentally figured the cost of the little house furnishings that he and Celia had planned so many times, including the green parlor suit. "Will you give me \$135?" he asked anxiously.

The doctor jumped to his feet. "Man alive! Are you crazy?" he demanded anxiously.

Dennis shook his head impatiently. "I will be if I can't get that sum before tonight," he muttered.

Dr. Long went to his desk and filed out a check and a bill of sale. "I can afford \$500," he said, holding out the check. "And now I feel like a robber. Some day you may hear from me again."

When Dennis reached the top of the third flight of stairs that led to the O'Brien flat the head of Celia's mother flashed out of the door.

"Whist!" she uttered solemnly. "Celia's that broke up over yure quarrel she's had to come home from the store. I think she'd fly away with ye this mornin' if yure little ship was ready. She's terrible upset over something, and she says she never wants to see a green plush parlor suit ag'in—nor more do I, fer I think red is more tasty-like."

"It's too bad, Celia, 'd be likin' me when you don't approve, Mrs. O'Brien," began Dennis politely, when she interrupted him by a gentle push within the flat.

"G'wan," she said affably. "I liked ye best of all, an' I wasn't goin' to have Celia playin' with ye. I know how to manage her. She'll wait fer ye twenty year now that I've forbid ye to come."

"She won't have to wait twenty days," said Dennis happily as he swooped down and snatched a kiss from the kindly red face before he went to Celia.

Aug. 24 in American History

1814—Washington captured by the British, and the capitol and other public buildings were burned.
1803—Major Charles H. Smith (Bill Arp), well known southern humorist, died; born 1826.
1910—John Lathrop, soldier and jurist, died; born 1835.

SPENDS KING'S CASH TRYING FOR THRONE



Princess Clementine of Belgium

Princess Clementine of Belgium, now the wife of Prince Victor Napoleon, the Bonapartist pretender, is spending the money she inherited from her father, King Leopold, promoting the Bonapartist movement against the French government.

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Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THOSE to whom goodness is a toll—some thing have to labor so hard at it that they haven't heart to discuss it.

People who find it easy to be good take a lot of credit to themselves because they aren't bad.

Narrowness of view seldom is found with breath of intellect.

There is apt to be a cold wave in the family circle about the time the monthly bills come in.

We never allow any one to make us miserable because our permission is never asked.

The people who always take their time also take yours and mine.

A stitch in time is worth two in the side.

Anybody who talks what he doesn't know talks too much.

Some persons are always discovering opportunities—to make fools of themselves.

When brawn is transmuted into brain things do move.

It may take but little to make a man happy, but few women ever discovered how the principle works.

Under Protest.

Living on a diet.
Getting right along.
Eating under orders.
Growing well and strong—
Oh, but it is healthy!
My, but it is fine!
Oh, but it takes courage
When you come to dine!

Liver wasn't working;
Stomach wasn't strong;
Kidneys were contrary;
Everything was wrong.
In a solemn manner
Doctor shook his head.
"Better try a diet!"
That was what he said.

Grains and nuts for breakfast,
Nuts and grains for tea,
Grains and nuts for dinner,
Grand variety.
Maybe half a cracker
Toasted good and brown
With a glass of water
Just to wash it down.

Yes, it's very healthy,
And disease it knocks.
I am feeling stronger
Than a corn fed ox.
But I must confess it
With a hopeless sigh—
I would like a beefsteak
And a hunk of pie.

Different.

"How are you getting on?"
"I am leading the simple life."
"How silly!"
"Do you think so?"
"I do, indeed!"
"I find it very expensive."
"Dear me! How lovely it must be!"

Danger.



"Don't go near that man. It isn't safe."
"He looks safe enough."
"But he will offer to buy you a drink."
"Would that scare me?"
"But he will lead you to a soda fountain."

Not a Matter of Choice.
"Did they allow stopovers on the train you came through on?"
"Allowed them? They compelled them."
"How was that?"
"We were kicked off at nearly every water station."

Quite Absurd.
A man was walking down the street.
And he was feeling blue.
Now, wasn't that a foolish thing
For any man to do?

Capable.
"I always shudder at the inevitable."
"I admire it."
"How funny! Why?"
"Because it is always able to take care of itself."

A Rap.
"I have a good head on me."
"I notice it is good for one thing."
"What's that?"
"Butting in."

In buying a cough medicine, don't be afraid to get Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is sure to follow. Especially recommended for coughs, colds and whooping cough. Sold by all druggists.